

The Monthly Musical Record.

NOVEMBER 1, 1871.

THE MUSIC OF OUR CHURCHES.

A GREAT deal of discussion has lately taken place in the columns of some of our contemporaries, as to what music is proper to be sung in our churches at Divine worship. The subject is a very wide one, and, we need scarcely add, quite beyond the limits of a single article. All that we purpose now is to throw out a few hints on this important subject, which may furnish materials for thought to our readers.

There are two different ways in which the service may be performed. It may be chiefly, if not entirely entrusted to a paid choir—the congregation joining at most in one or two hymns. Such is the method prevailing at our cathedrals, and at some of our larger churches; and also to a considerable extent in America. Or the singing may be congregational—the choir, where there is one, serving merely as an aid in leading the whole body of voices. There is much to be said for both methods. Into their relative suitability for the purposes of worship, it is not our province to inquire, though we see no reason why a full choral service reverently performed may not be as truly an act of worship as the psalm-singing of a large congregation. Much will depend on the temperament and education of the hearer. We are concerned merely with the musical aspect of the question; and from this point of view it would be much to be regretted, should the glorious services and anthems of our English composers cease to echo through the aisles of our cathedrals.

Nor, where adequate resources are available, would we exclude the mass music of the great masters—singing them, of course, with English words. Many of the masses of Mozart, Haydn, Cherubini, and other distinguished composers, are as devotional, and as strictly *sacred* music, as the anthems of Croft or Gibbons. We are well aware that in expressing these views we run the risk, with a certain class, of laying ourselves open to a charge of Romanist proclivities. There has been a great outcry raised on this subject, in consequence of the recent introduction into some of our leading London churches of mass music. The clergy and the precentors have been accused of Papistical tendencies. But the charge is hardly worth refuting; for a moment's consideration will show the absurdity of making it on such grounds. It must be remembered that every word which is usually set to music in the mass, is to be found literally translated in the Communion Service of the Book of Common Prayer. Those portions of the music, the words of which embody or imply the tenets peculiar to the Romish Church, such as the hymns "O salutaris," "Salve Regina," and others, must be sought elsewhere. And why it should be forbidden to sing the words of the "Gloria in excelsis" or the Nicene Creed to the music of Haydn or Mozart, when the very same words may be sung without demur to the perhaps second-rate music of an English composer, we are quite at a loss to see.

But while we by no means condemn the more elaborate musical ritual in its proper place, we yet maintain that in the majority of cases a plain, hearty, congregational service is preferable. We have already said that we do not consider this the place to discuss the religious aspects of the question; but we may just remark in passing, that we do not see how the Scriptural exhortation, "O praise

the Lord, *all ye people*," can be said to be obeyed, if the people merely pay a choir to praise the Lord for them. And if it is admitted, as we think it must be, that the whole congregation should take part in the service of praise, there are two or three requirements which must be complied with, that it may be in their power to do so. And first, the music must be so simple as to be within the reach of all—even the musically uneducated. But simplicity need not imply baldness or vulgarity. Some of the noblest and grandest of our church melodies are also among the easiest to sing; and collections of church music might be named without difficulty, which, while containing nothing that is coarse, mean, or irreverent, also contain nothing that is inaccessible to a mixed congregation. Moreover, it is not sufficient that the music should be simple enough to be joined in by all; it is also necessary that all should be encouraged, nay urged, to take their part in it. Into the vexed question of the relative merits of unisonous and part-singing, we do not propose now to enter; but, whichever method is adopted, care should be taken in its preparation for service. We contend that slovenly singing is just as offensive and indecorous as an ill-prepared sermon. In this matter much depends upon the organist, and even more upon the minister of the church. We are fully convinced that exactly in proportion to the personal interest taken by a minister in the music of his church, will be the attention bestowed upon it by his congregation. In recent numbers of our excellent contemporary the *Choir*, accounts were given of visits to two of the principal Congregational churches in London, in which special attention has been paid to the music. In both cases, the minister of the church has taken an active part in the promotion of good psalmody; and at each place the result has been to secure earnest, hearty singing, such as is alike delightful and profitable to hear and to join. We earnestly recommend all the clergy who would have their church music efficient, to show their congregations that they consider praise no less an important part of Divine service than prayer or preaching. Where the shepherd leads, the sheep will soon follow.

URIO'S "TE DEUM," AND HANDEL'S USE THEREOF.

BY EBENEZER PROUT, B.A.

IT has long been known to musicians that Handel in composing drew largely for his themes on the works of his predecessors and contemporaries. Indeed, whenever an idea suited him, he seems to have had no scruple in appropriating it; though it may truly be said of him, "He touched nothing which he did not adorn." One of the works most frequently referred to as a source from which Handel obtained his subjects, is the *Te Deum* by Francesco Antonio Urio. Dr. Chrysander, the well-known musical critic and antiquarian, has just published a beautiful edition of the full score of this work, which is of extreme interest to musicians. It is almost impossible, without seeing this *Te Deum*, to believe how unblushingly Handel took subjects—sometimes even whole movements—from it. I confess that in reading the score I have been both amused and astounded; and it will probably interest my readers to give a short analysis of it, with quotations of the chief passages which Handel has transferred to his own works.

To begin with—the resemblance to the *Dettingen Te Deum* strikes us on the first page. Like that work, Urio's *Te Deum* is in the key of D, for five-part chorus (with two soprani), and a very similar orchestra to Handel's—the

only important difference being that there are but two trumpet parts, instead of three, and there are no drums. Urio's opening symphony Handel used in two places—the first four bars in the chorus "Welcome, welcome, mighty king," in *Saul*, and the four following at the commencement of the *Dettingen Te Deum*. Urio begins thus:—



The resemblance of this extract to the passages from Handel referred to will be seen at a glance. A little further on in the same symphony (page 7) occurs a striking sequence of harmony, which Handel used in his *Te Deum* at the words "We acknowledge thee to be the Lord," while just before the first entry of the voices is a passage of four bars which is to be found, almost note for note, in the chorus in *Saul*, "Gird on thy sword," at the words "Shall thine obdurate foes dismay." Space will not allow the quotation of all these extracts, but one immediately succeeding is so striking that room must be spared for it. It is a duet for altos and tenors:—



Those of my readers who are familiar with *Saul* will at once recognise "The youth inspired by Thee, O Lord;" nor does the resemblance stop here. Just as in Handel, the passage is repeated in the fifth above, in the following bar.

But to pass on to the next movement, "Te eternum Patrem." Here the resemblance—one must really say the pillaging—is yet more remarkable. The opening symphony is to be found, almost note for note, at the same place in Handel's *Te Deum*.



Nearly every note of the rest of the entire movement has been transferred to Handel's score. The "omnis terra" is repeated here in the same detached phrases that he used on the words "all the earth." The following air,

"Tibi omnes Angeli," though exactly in Handel's manner throughout, has not been appropriated, bodily like the preceding chorus. But then comes another startling passage—the opening of the chorus "Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim," for two trumpets *solis*.

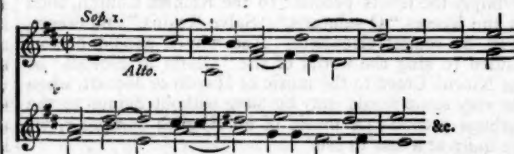


This passage is repeated (just as in Handel) after the first entry of the voices, for oboes and bassoons. But here the resemblance ceases. Handel's wonderful iteration of the "continually, continually," and the grand monotone of his "Holy, holy" combined with it, are all his own. Nothing is to be found in Urio's work which at all approaches in power the old Saxon's marvellous creation. Yet it is curious that with such exhaustless invention as he possessed, he should have so coolly transferred entire passages to his own work. No composer in the present day would dare to do so, and it throws a singular light on the views of artistic morality which must have prevailed a hundred years ago. In the chorus now under notice, there is still another phrase which Handel has taken. The short *fugato* on the words "incessabili voce" is found in the *Dettingen Te Deum*, at "also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter." The first thought of the same chorus, "Thine honourable, true, and only Son," is to be met with here at the "Sanctus," for two trebles and an alto. Passing by the following soprano air, "Pleni sunt coeli," with the remark that a passage on page 40 of the score would seem to have suggested the phrase "also are fallen" in the well-known duet from *Israel in Egypt*, "The Lord is a man of war," we come to the chorus "Te gloriosus." The introductory symphony of this piece was used in the chorus "To thee all angels" of Handel's *Te Deum*. The first two bars will be sufficient as a specimen:



Handel has copied this, even to the non-employment of the double basses.

The next passage of importance which Handel has used is the subject of the chorus "Sanctum quoque paracletum," which is identical with "Our fainting courage" in *Saul*. It commences thus:—



To save space, the words are omitted. The fine counter-subject which Handel added to the words "And headlong drove that impious crew," which changes the character of the whole piece, is not to be found here. A little further on (page 73 of the score) is to be seen, in the opening symphony of the alto song "Tu ad liberandum," the subject

of the instrumental movement in the third part of *Saul*, representing the battle on Mount Gilboa. The following chorus, "Tu devicto mortis aculeo," has, with the exception of the first eight bars, been taken by Handel for his *Te Deum*, almost note for note, in the chorus "Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven." A short extract will show this:—



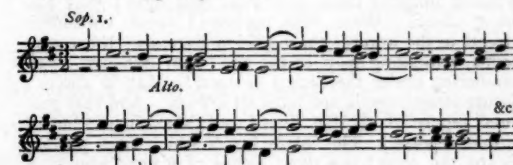
The trio "Thou sittest at the right hand of God" is also largely borrowed from Urio's work, in which the corresponding Latin words are set as a trio. There is moreover a curious similarity in the close of the two pieces, which in each case consists of a few bars, *adagio*, accompanied by the organ only.

The chorus "Te ergo quaesumus" supplied Handel with the commencement of the chorus "O fatal consequence" in *Saul*, the remarkable subject of which is taken note for note from Urio's "Quos pretioso sanguine."

Most of our readers will remember the striking passage in Handel's chorus "All the earth doth worship Thee," in which the bass voices sing "The Father everlasting," accompanied by the violins in thirds. Here is its origin in the duet "Eterna fac" of Urio:—



The chorus "Per singulos dies" gives us, with hardly the variation of a note, the subject of Handel's fugue "And we worship Thy name."



Here again Handel has, in the subsequent development, greatly improved upon his model, especially by the addition of the brilliant *coda* with which his chorus concludes. Urio's soprano song "Dignare," which follows, does duty in two places in the *Dettingen Te Deum*. The opening solo for the trumpet is introduced with very slight alteration in "Day by day," and a passage in thirds for voice and trumpet is used in the same chorus, merely with the substitution of the alto voice for the soprano, and the change of the intervals from thirds to sixths and tenths. In the air "Fiat misericordia" for alto solo, there is a figure in the violin accompaniment which plays an im-

portant part in Handel's song "Sweet Bird" from *L'Allegro*; and lastly, the concluding chorus "In te, Domine, speravi," supplied the subject of the fugued passage in the final chorus of *Saul*, "Gird on Thy sword," at the words "Retrieve the Hebrew name."

In this somewhat cursory analysis no mention has been made of many merely passing resemblances to Handel, though some of these are so striking that it is difficult to consider the coincidence accidental. I have purposely noticed merely the more important points, about which there can be no doubt whatever. In counting them up, it will be found that no less than nine movements in the *Dettingen Te Deum*, and six from *Saul*, are founded wholly or in part on themes taken from this work. It should be added, that the passages which are merely referred to are quite as striking in their similarity as those of which the notes are quoted.

According to the title-page, Urio's work dates from about the year 1700, being thus anterior to *Saul* and the *Dettingen Te Deum* by some forty years. Very little is known of the composer, indeed his name is not even mentioned in some of the best musical dictionaries. The late Vincent Novello, in calling attention to the fact of Handel's borrowing so largely from the work, said, "Handel found a pebble, and changed it into a diamond." Perhaps it would be more just to say that he found a rough diamond, which he cut and polished. It is with no idea of disparaging Handel that I have compared the two works, but simply because it seemed likely that such comparison would be exceedingly interesting; and I have given numerous quotations, because the way in which Handel has appropriated Urio's thoughts is so extraordinary, that I might have been thought to exaggerate had I not given my readers the opportunity of judging for themselves.

THE SYMPHONIES OF BEETHOVEN.

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

(Continued from p. 128.)

6. THE PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

THIS astonishing landscape seems to have been composed by Poussin, and drawn by Michael Angelo. The author of *Fidelio* and the "Eroica" symphony wishes to paint the calm of the country, the gentle habits of the shepherds. But, be it understood, we have not to do with the pink and green shepherds, decked out with ribbons, of M. de Florian, still less with those of M. Lebrun, the composer of the *Rossignol*, or with those of J. J. Rousseau, composer of the *Devin du Village*. It is with nature we are dealing here. He entitles his first movement, "Cheerful emotions awakened by the aspect of a smiling landscape." The herdsmen begin to move about in the fields with their careless gait, and their pipes that we hear far and near; ravishing phrases caress you deliciously, like the perfumed breeze of morning; flights, or rather swarms of twittering birds pass over your head, and from time to time the atmosphere seems charged with vapours; great clouds hide the sun, and then suddenly dispersing, let fall perpendicularly on the fields and woods torrents of dazzling light. That is what I imagine when listening to this movement, and I think that, in spite of the vague expression of instrumental music, many hearers have been impressed by it in the same manner.

Further on is a "Scene by a brook." Contemplation . . . The author has no doubt created this admirable *adagio* as he lay on the grass, his eyes fixed on the sky, in his ear the wind, fascinated by thousands of soft reflections of sounds and of light, looking at and listening to

the little white sparkling waves of the brook, breaking with a light noise on the stones of the bank. It is delicious. Some persons loudly reproach Beethoven for having at the end of the *adagio* introduced successively and together the song of three birds. As, in my opinion, success or non-success usually decides the question of the reasonableness or absurdity of such experiments, I will say to the adversaries of this one, that their criticism appears to me just as regards the nightingale, whose song is hardly better imitated here than in the famous flute solo of M. Lebrun, for the very simple reason that the nightingale, only producing inappreciable or variable sounds, cannot be imitated by instruments with fixed sounds in a determined scale; but it seems to me that it is not so for the quail and the cuckoo, whose cries forming only two notes for the latter and one single note for the former—notes, too, exact and fixed—have for that reason alone permitted a perfect and complete imitation.

Now, if the musician is reproached for puerility, in having let us hear exactly the song of the birds, in a scene where all the calm voices of the heaven, the earth, and the water should naturally find a place, I will answer that the same objection may be addressed to him when, in a storm, he imitates as exactly the winds, the peals of thunder, the lowing of the cattle. And yet, Heaven knows if it ever entered the head of a critic to find fault with the storm of the Pastoral Symphony! To continue: the poet brings us now into the midst of a "Merry meeting of Peasants." They dance, they laugh—with moderation at first; the bagpipe sounds a gay refrain, accompanied by a bassoon which can only play two notes. Beethoven has, no doubt, meant to depict by it some good old German peasant, mounted on a tub, armed with a poor dilapidated instrument, from which he can scarcely get the two principal sounds of the key of F, the dominant and the tonic. Every time the oboe intones its bagpipe melody, simple and gay, like a young-girl out for a Sunday holiday, the old bassoon comes and blows his two notes. When the melodic phrase modulates, the bassoon is silent, and counts his rests quietly, until the return to the original key permits him to replace his imperturbable F, C, F. This effect, of excellent grotesqueness, almost completely escapes the notice of the public. The dance quickens, becomes mad, noisy; the rhythm changes; a clownish air in 2-4 time announces the arrival of the mountaineers with their heavy shoes; the first movement in triple time recommences, more lively than ever; all mingle, are carried away; the hair of the women begins to fly over their shoulders; the mountaineers have brought with them their noisy and vinous joy; they cry, they run, they hurry along; it is a fury, a rage . . . when a distant peal of thunder spreads terror in the midst of the rustic ball, and puts to flight the dancers.

"Thunderstorm." I despair of being able to give an idea of this prodigious movement; one must hear it to conceive to what degree of truth and sublimity imitative music can attain in the hands of a man like Beethoven. Listen! listen to those squalls of wind charged with rain; those dull mutterings of the basses; the piercing whistling of the piccolo flutes, which announce a horrible tempest on the point of breaking forth! The hurricane approaches, grows; an immense chromatic passage, starting from the heights of the instrumentation, comes sweeping down to the lowest depths of the orchestra, catches hold of the basses, drags them along with it, and mounts again, shaking like a whirlwind which overturns everything in its passage. Then the trombones burst forth, the thunder of the drums redoubles in violence. It is no more the rain, the wind; it is a frightful cataclysm, the universal deluge, the end of the world. In truth, it gives vertigo;

and many people, while listening to this storm, hardly know if the emotion they feel is pleasure or pain. The symphony finishes with the "Thanksgiving of the peasants for the return of fair weather." All then becomes once more smiling; the herdsmen reappear, answer each other on the mountain, and recall their scattered flocks; the sky is serene; the torrents flow off by degrees; the calm is restored, and with it revive the rural songs whose sweet melody rests the soul, shaken and terrified by the magnificent horror of the preceding picture.

After that, must we really speak of the strangenesses of style that are to be met with in this gigantic work; of those groups of five notes for the violoncellos, opposed to passages of four notes of the double-basses, which jostle one another without being able to fuse into a real unison? Must we notice that call of the horn, giving the arpeggio of the chord of C while the stringed instruments hold that of F? . . . In truth I am incapable of it. For a work of this nature, one must reason coldly, and how can we be guaranteed from intoxication when the mind is preoccupied with such a subject? Far from that, one would wish to sleep, to sleep for whole months, to inhabit in a dream the unknown sphere of which genius has for a moment given us a glimpse. If by misfortune, after such a concert, one is obliged to be present at some comic opera, or some soirée with fashionable cavatinas and flute concerto, one will seem stupid: some one will ask you—

"How do you find this Italian duo?"

You will answer gravely, "Very fine."

"And these variations for the clarinet?"

"Superb."

"And this *finale* from the new opera?"

"Admirable."

And some distinguished artist hearing your answers, without knowing the cause of your abstraction, will say, pointing you out, "Who then is that idiot?"

How the ancient poems, so fine, so admired as they are, pale at the side of this marvel of modern music! Theocritus and Virgil were great singers of landscapes; there is sweet music in such verses as

"Tu quoque, magna Pales, et te, memorande, canemus
Pastor ab amphyso; vos Sylvas, amnesque Lycæi,"

especially if they are not recited by such barbarians as us Frenchmen, who pronounce Latin so as to make one take it for Auvergnat. . . . But the poem of Beethoven! those long periods so highly coloured! those speaking images! those perfumes! that light! that eloquent silence! those vast horizons! those enchanted retreats in the woods! those golden harvests! those rosy clouds, wandering spots of the sky! that immense plain slumbering under the beams of noon! Man is absent; Nature alone unveils and admires herself. And that profound repose of all that lives! and that delicious life of all that reposes! The infant brook which runs purling toward the river! the river, father of waters, who in a majestic silence descends towards the great sea! Then man interposes, the man of the plains, robust, religious . . . his joyous sports interrupted by the storm . . . his terrors . . . his hymn of gratitude!

Veil your faces, ye poor great ancient poets, poor immortals! Your conventional language so pure, so harmonious, cannot strive against the art of sounds. Ye are glorious, but vanquished! Ye have not known what we now call melody, harmony, the association of different timbres, instrumental colouring, modulations, the learned conflicts of hostile sounds, which fight first to embrace afterwards, our surprises of the ear, our strange accents,

which make the most unexplored depths of the soul re-echo. The stammerings of the puerile art that you called music could not give you an idea of it; you alone were for cultivated spirits great melodists, harmonists, masters of rhythm and expression. But these words in your tongues had a very different sense from that which we give them now-a-days. The art of sounds properly so called, independent of everything, is born but yesterday; it is scarcely adult; it is twenty years old. It is fine, it is all-powerful; it is the Pythian Apollo of the moderns. We owe to it a world of feelings and sensations that remained closed to you. Yes, ye great adored poets, ye are vanquished: *Incliti sed victi!*

(To be continued.)

FLY-LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF AN OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

II. ON DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC.

It is undeniable that "drawing-room music" is just now regarded with a certain suspicion and distrust. This is quite natural, as so much really bad music is written for the purpose of being played in the drawing-room; and yet if we investigate the matter a little closer, we shall find that a great part of the actual progress in refinement, elegance, taste, invention of new figures, &c. &c., is greatly due to the "drawing-room music." A peculiar feature of it is, that it is shorter and generally more pleasing, at least to the general public, than symphonies, sonatas, &c. And yet, strictly taken, even sonatas might be classed as drawing-room music, as they were originally certainly intended to be played in private, not in the concert-room. But we will make a distinction between drawing-room and chamber music, and will limit our subject merely to the style called "Salon musik," or *anglicè*, drawing-room music. If we look back we shall find that when the clavessin was played, shorter pieces, written with less pretension, were in high favour with the public. Short movements, mostly originating in dance tunes, such as courante, allemande, sarabande, gigue, gavottes, minuets, bourrées, were linked together in a somewhat loose fashion and called "Suites." It was only in Bach's, Handel's, and Rameau's time that a certain systematic order, or one may call it an organic structure, came into the suite, and from this greater conciseness or abbreviation resulted the "Sonata," which we will not include in the class of drawing-room music, but will leave to the chamber music. All that Domenico Scarlatti wrote—"the lessons," even now in our time of great technical proficiency most welcome—was intended, according to the preface of the author, "for amusement" only. Sebastian Bach, the earnest scholar, dedicated his "Clavier Uebung," containing the immortal suites and partitas "denen Liebhabern zur Gemüthsergötzung" ("for the amusement of amateurs"). The elegant courtier, François Couperin, wrote his little musical pictures for the edification of the members of Louis the Fourteenth's court, and even the misanthropic Rameau did not disdain to write some pleasantries like the "Tambourin," "la Poule," and other trifles. We find then, by quoting these illustrious names, that the drawing-room or lighter music has undoubtedly a legitimate existence as a branch of the art. As regards our forefathers, we find that most of them wrote it, partly to ingratiate themselves with the great public, or to repose themselves from the more arduous task of composing their stricter works, such as oratorios, operas, &c.

With Bach we find even that he used the writing of lighter music to acquire the elegance of the French and the pleasing freshness of the Italians. Handel wrote his world-wide known variations called "The Harmonious

Blacksmith" on a French air, and tried to give to his variations the same suavity and roundness by which the beautiful air itself is distinguished. The same case is found with the variations in D minor in his second suite, based on another French air called "La Monferine." Emanuel Bach's desire to please is everywhere manifest, were it not that he expressed himself most distinctly in his much-valued work, "Versuch über die wahre Art das Klavier zu spielen."

If we look for the contribution of Joseph Haydn to the library of smaller pieces, we shall find many charming compositions, but too little known. The reprinted edition of these gems by the eminent firm of Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel deserves the attention of every student.

Let us see what Mozart wrote for the use of the "Salon."

We find twenty-one sets of variations, three rondos, three fantasias, and sundry gigue, marches, waltzes, &c. &c. Beethoven wrote bagatelles, rondos, variations, pastoral dances, waltzes, &c. Weber wrote polonaises, waltzes, variations, &c. Hummel composed a good many divertissements, Dussek also. We have quoted enough classical composers to show that the lighter music was deemed an essential point of importance by them. If we look at all those shorter works, we shall find that their constitution rests on a very solid foundation. Their rondos are constructed in the same way in which the rondos in the sonatas are written. The allemandes, courantes, &c., of Bach contain most scientific writing in the pleasantest form; in short, we find everywhere *solidity*. If we follow to a more recent date the musical catalogues, we shall find the name of John Field. This talented Irishman invented a new form of drawing-room piece, which he called "Nocturne." At the time of its origin it seemed unpretending enough. Field's nocturnes are merely natural, chaste melodies, with a simple accompaniment. The repetition is generally adorned by most graceful, elegant, and singularly refined little variations, more strictly embellishments, which the composer is said to have performed with such inimitable expression that every one was delighted, and soon the nocturnes of Field found their way, at least in Germany and France, into almost every house. Strictly taken, they do not claim any special merit as music, but still the charm of their simplicity, genuineness, and the utter absence of any pretension is irresistible, and they will always more or less retain their hold upon the public.

All our reveries, serenades, aubades, romanzas, songs without words, are nocturnes with another name. Soon it was felt that a variety is necessary to keep up the interest of the public. Dances were again introduced, and it was particularly the polacca or polonaise, the mazurka or mazurka, and last, not least, the waltz which played an important part. Chopin, this thoroughly Polish composer, naturally felt most inclined towards the dances of his nationality, and his polonaises and mazurkas have not only true national spirit and expression, but are also replete with rare beauty. Their effect is brilliant and fascinating, and the complete absence of any vulgarity makes them standard works. Chopin's waltzes, although they are elegant, piquant, and pleasing music, are but indifferent *waltzes*, and do not deserve as such the high estimation which his polonaises and mazurkas enjoy. Every country was ransacked for dance music; Spain had to give the bolero, fandango, seguidilla; Italy furnished the saltarello and tarantella; Hungary, the czarda's; Germany, the styrienne and tyrolienne; Bohemia, the redowa, dowak, and polka; France, the galopade, and the française or quadrille. When the mania for dances was subsiding, another most important feature was introduced into the domain of pianoforte drawing-room music, viz., the "Trans-

criptions." Although the transcriptions seem to date only from a recent time, we have to look for their real origin much further back. Bach was the first who introduced transcriptions; he transcribed Vivaldi's violin concertos for the clavichord. Our modern transcription has been brought to greatest perfection by Franz Liszt. At the same time that Liszt delighted the Viennese and other publics with his transcriptions of Schubert's, Mendelssohn's, Schumann's songs, Thalberg created great *furors* with his operatic fantasias. But also this form, although Thalberg deserves great credit for the improvements he wrought out, is not of his invention, and dates from about 1800, when Louis Emmanuel Jadin in Paris was the first to introduce "Mélanges and Potpourris." Thalberg's "Fantasia" is nothing else but a better and more carefully written "Mélange." A most interesting contribution to the drawing-room music forms the "Étude," in which Moscheles, Henselt, Chopin, Thalberg, Liszt, Kalkbrenner, Taubert, Heller, Hiller, Döhler, and many others excelled. The étude had such a tempting, seducing effect even upon such earnest musicians as Mendelssohn and Schumann were, that we possess very fine études by them, full of fire, originality, and beauty. Another interesting branch of the drawing-room music consists in the "fanciful pieces." Besides that we possess songs expressive of all possible occupations, like Chanson du Chaudronnier, Chanson des Mâtelots, Chanson du Soldat, du Chasseur, du Moissonnier, du Paysan, &c. &c, we have, strange to say, also music for all parts of the day and night. And with these mere attempts to present a new title begins the period of absurdities of which we have at present such a mass. Schumann wrote Phantasiestücke each with a name; but with him every name finds also the suitable musical expression. In his Carnival all titles have a *raison d'être*. The same is the case with Heller. His hunting pieces, his "Promenades d'un Solitaire," and other of his works are all poetical and well expressed. The same praise might be given to Schulhoff's Idylles, to his Chanson d'amitié, to his Musique intime. But apart from the just-named composers, and a few others, amongst whom we would also class Reinecke, Volkmann, Seeling, &c., we meet with so many shallow, empty absurdities, with such downright nonsense, that we might almost despair and think that the good days of musical art are really and for ever gone.

So far we have seen that the drawing-room music forms a most important chapter in the history of musical art, that it has a most legitimate existence. We shall try to find out how far it influenced orchestral music, of course in an indirect way. Such attempt may be left for our next number.

E. P.—R.

(To be continued)

VIOLETTA.

(TRANSLATED FROM ELISE POLKO'S "MUSIKALISCHE MÄHRCHEN.")

(Continued from page 132.)

HARDLY had four days elapsed, when the cheerful music-student came jumping over the hedge again—this time, however, not tired and exhausted, but lively and fresh. Violetta was delighted when she saw him; he fell without any ceremony on her neck, and kissed her on her pretty mouth; the starling cried, "Wer ein Liebchen hat gefunden!"* How pleased the old cantor was when he saw the young man again! He drew him confidentially into

his little room, opened an old cupboard, and Amadeus saw with astonishment a store of the most valuable works of Sebastian Bach, Handel, Palestrina, Pergolesi, and others besides. Some masses by Father Haydn lay there; every work was neatly bound, and displayed in gilt letters on the back the name and year of the birth of the composer. Amadeus turned over the leaves of the thick volumes with a thoroughly happy look, and knew all about them, to the great surprise of the cantor. He spoke of all with wonderful judgment and clearness, and meanwhile a bright enthusiasm gleamed on his sweet face. The old gentleman took off his cap, laid his hands on the young man's shoulders, looked at him earnestly, and said, "You are a dear, good soul; and will certainly yourself become a great master, if God spare your life!" and therewith he folded him in his arms and kissed him on both cheeks; and the starling cried out, "Es lebe Sarastro!" Then Amadeus played, and the old spinet trembled under his powerful hands; exquisite melodies rocked the souls of Violetta and her father in sweet dreams. When evening came on, they went into the garden, and the young man ran a race with Violetta; they pelted each other with flowers and rose-leaves, and played, like two children, with the clever starling. Amadeus told Violetta how fond he was of the bird, and how he would never part from him. His deceased mother had brought it up, and given it to him, and now it was his companion by day and night, took up his place in the evening on his master's pillow, tucked his head under his wing, and slept there till next morning.

The summer passed, but there was no week in which Amadeus did not come once to sing with Violetta—for she sang with a sweet artless voice all sorts of old melodies—and to chat with the old cantor about Sebastian Bach, and tell him of Father Haydn. Once Violetta's father asked him, "Tell me now, what do you think of that Mozart who is beginning to attract so much attention in the world by his works? I should like to hear something about him."

"Well," said the young man, "I know him very intimately, as well as I do myself, and can give you the most accurate information about him. Mozart is a very merry, careless fellow, who looks something like me, only somewhat more serious when he has the conducting-stick or the pen in his hand. He is as happy as a child, and likes the best of everything; his soul swims in a sea of sweet tones, which charm him; the world smiles on him, and his heart is the lightest and gayest in the world. Also he loves wine; but above all a nice girl's face; also flowers and butterflies. You would love him, that I can assure you; for he really has no enemy; but he has a wife, whom he loves indescribably; and who also deserves it, for she has few faults; only she is jealous, and that plagues the silly Mozart a little."

The cantor shook his head with a smile; but Amadeus hastily took leave, although he had scarcely been there an hour, and the sun was still high in the heaven. "This evening an opera of Mozart's is to be produced," he said, "*Don Juan*, and I wish to know how it will please the people; I am of a rather restless nature, and to-day especially so excited that even Mozart himself cannot be more so; to-morrow I will tell you about it." The starling had scarcely time to cry, "Schnelle Füße, rascher Muth!" for his master even forgot to kiss Violetta; and he left her nosegay behind. But the maiden hung her head the whole day; whether because of the forgotten kiss or the withered flowers, I cannot exactly say.

The following day passed, and no Amadeus appeared; the sun sank lower and lower, and the yellow leaves fell from the trees. The old cantor sat in his easy chair

* "He who has found a sweetheart!"—the beginning of a duet in the opera of *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*.

buried among his music books; Violetta hummed, but very softly; she was not perfectly happy. Suddenly there was a knock at the window: a clear well-known voice begged for admission. Violetta jumped up quickly: accustomed to his freaks she opened the window, and the Viennese music-student sprang into the room. "Dear papa," he said, with a face like a spring-morning, "Mozart has done excellently! *Don Juan* is very tolerable; besides, he salutes you, and has sent something that I will bring in directly. But here, first receive this little souvenir from me," and he put a neat little packet into the hands of his old friend. It was an *Ave verum*. Violetta received an elegant leaflet with the inscription "An mein Veilchen" (To my Violet). It was a song, the words of which commenced—

"Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand."

The maiden was delighted; but the old man quietly looked through, with earnest eyes, all the leaves; then he stood up, went silently to his music-shelves, and laid the piece carefully between Bach and Handel. The young man's cheerful face showed tokens of quiet emotion; the cantor held out both hands to him, and said, "You best know what that place means!" Then the blue eyes of Amadeus filled with tears; he seized with passionate earnestness the hand of the old man, and cried, "Dear father, I myself am Mozart! the mad, merry Mozart, to whom you, by this simple mark of honour, have given greater, deeper heart's joy than all the empty applause of the whole world has ever done. I thank you, but I have also another pleasure for you!" Like a child he threw himself on the breast of the old man, who looked as if transfused, pressed him to himself, and ran out at the door. A moment after, his beaming countenance showed itself again; the starling cried, "Sarastro lebe!" and there entered—Father Haydn. A gleam of joy from the eyes of the old cantor, a trembling movement of his lips were his only greeting for his king and master. His body could not bear the excitement of his soul, and as Haydn with his expressive smile said, "God be with you!" and held out his hand to him, Mozart anxiously bent over him; but Violetta, full of foreboding, clasped her father's knees: God beckoned to him, and his spirit passed away into the kingdom of the eternal harmonies of heaven!

Many, many years have passed since then; Father Haydn long since directs glorious choirs of angels; Mozart too sleeps his deep long sleep in the cool earth; these and many other stars have set for our world; but the hamlet still looks out so quiet and lovely from the thicket, the old lime-trees are still as fragrant as formerly, and in the cantor's house there lives quite alone an old dame. It is the once so beautiful, charming Violetta. She has never married, and lives a dream-life in her recollections. But if you should visit her, you have only to ask her about Mozart; then her eyes brighten, and a glimpse as it were of youth spreads over her features; and she will talk of him by the hour; and at last perhaps she shows you a little, alas! very yellow sheet of music, on which is written in hurried characters—

"Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand."

[We have thought this prettily conceived little tale worthy of insertion in our paper; at the same time, it is only right to inform our readers that it will not bear an examination in the spirit of Dr. Colenso. The details are wholly imaginary: to mention only one instance, Haydn's *Seasons*, to which reference is made in the earlier part of the story, was not produced until ten years after Mozart's death. Other details are equally inaccurate; but the sketch will perhaps please, as giving an idea of the personal character of Mozart. —ED. M. M. R.]

INCIDENTS OF FRANZ LISZT'S YOUTH.

COMMUNICATED BY C. F. POHL.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE MUNICH PROPYLÄEN, 1869.)

(Continued from page 131.)

SECOND LETTER* (FROM LISZT'S FATHER TO CZERNY)/

PARIS, March 17th, 1824.

ESTEEMED SIR,—You will agree with me that there is not such a long rest in music as I have made since my last letter, but hitherto it was almost impossible for me to write a long letter; and being at such a great distance, and having so many objects before the mind which are only of interest to you, and which you only can appreciate, I cannot write a short letter. For this reason I hasten to commence. Since the 11th of December we have been in Paris, and as the papers and many private letters had announced our coming, after a few days of rest we were soon occupied, and received with the highest enthusiasm. Since our arrival we have accepted already thirty-six soirées in the first houses, where for a soirée never less than 100 francs, and often 150 francs, are paid. Not to neglect the necessary rest and the studies of my boy, I was compelled to decline several invitations.

Once he played at Madame la Duchesse de Berry's, where the whole royal family was present, and where he had to extemporise four times on given themes—three times at the Duc d'Orleans'. The applause was so great that he has been invited for several occasions to both these high houses. On the 7th of March we gave our first public concert at the Royal Italian Opera-house, which was given to us for our benefit without charge for orchestra and lighting. Our expenses were therefore only 343 francs, and we had a clear profit of 4,711 francs. It is a pity that the theatre is so small, and that I did not like to raise the prices much, otherwise I am certain the receipts would have been as much again. The boxes were already taken eight days before by the subscribers, and nobody else could get one. The applause my boy earned I cannot describe, and I believe I have said enough if I mention that the general desire that we should give a second concert was expressed several times, in the theatre and in the public papers. You will think and say, this desire Liszt can easily fulfil, and you are quite right; but at the same time you must know that it was quite a special favour, for which we had to thank the high protection of the Duchesse Berry and the royal minister Lauriston. But few artists can enjoy such, at least in the way we had the theatre. I do not believe that a single instance can be found in Vienna, where the theatre was given, free of all charges, to a foreign artist for his own benefit, and, besides, an act of an opera performed to assist him. This single instance may furnish you with sufficient proof how much superior the French are in generosity and appreciation of art. I could write to you of much more, but my Diary shall tell you all minutely. Now I will only say, Whoever knows something must go to Paris; here taste for art is at home—here an artist is esteemed and honoured. Herr Pixis has not been very fortunate here with his instrument by Graf (Conrad Graf, piano-maker in Vienna). This speculation has brought both rather loss than gain. Here, too, good instruments are to be found, amongst which a new discovery of the very clever mechanician Erard is especially distinguished. I believe this man has rendered the most important service of the day to the improvement of the piano. I am not able to give a description of it; only

* The translator thinks it necessary to repeat that in translating these letters he has kept as closely as possible to the originals.

one little peculiarity I will mention: the touch is light, and nevertheless you can give to the tone (which is very good) every different expression. After striking a chord you can make it heard loud or soft, without raising the hand, as often as you like; it is really astonishing. Only three of these instruments are finished; a fourth, which is for my boy, is in hand; when ready it will be forwarded to Vienna, and I am convinced that it will meet with your approval. Now for something else.

My dear Herr von Czerny, we were very much surprised that your compositions were so little known here, but now it is clear to me; and the matter is partly settled already, and will be done away with in time altogether. At the concert my boy played your variations, which met with the greatest success; on the following day different people came to us, amongst others also a publisher, and offered to buy these variations from us. I told them that they had appeared in print, and they were much delighted to be able to get them. My boy plays mostly your works in company, and they are much liked; I only regret that we have not all. In many circles a lively wish has been expressed to become acquainted with the teacher of this "miraculous child" (so our boy is called everywhere). "Is he not coming to Paris?" they ask. Now this brings me to your most dear and esteemed person, and I ask, Will you never leave Vienna? If I had to give the answer I would say, You ought to do it, and go with a good stock of your compositions to Paris; we will prepare everything for your coming, and you will meet with such a reception as you never expected, and reap a reward which you can never hope for in Vienna. In all probability we shall not go before next year to London, our prospects here improving every day. If, therefore, you feel inclined to come to Paris, which would have to be at the commencement of autumn, I beg you to write to me. You can take up your quarters with us—a fine room and sleeping chamber looking on the street, on the second floor, in the middle of the town—without charge. We shall still have a sitting-room and two bed-rooms for ourselves, and if you will put up with what we have on the table (we manage the housekeeping ourselves) we shall be doubly pleased. If you feel inclined to give lessons, there would be no want of them, you would have enough. For a lesson, usually from ten to fifteen francs is paid, and I am convinced that you would never have occasion to accept ten francs. We will introduce you to houses where you will certainly find pleasure and enjoyment. Most particularly we wish to have your concertos, to make use of them in public. If Steiner (music publisher at Vienna) or any other have an opportunity to send to Paris, it could perhaps easily be managed that you sent them with other new things. Or if you wish to publish something, send it to me, and I am sure I shall obtain the best price for you. For good works very high prices are paid here. Now I must tell you something about Herr Pixis; this gentleman seems to be our enemy—the reason why, I do not know myself. We have only spoken to him once, when we met him by chance in the Palais Royal; since then, we had often seen him at a music seller's, where Herr Pixis never deemed us worthy of his notice. It is well that this rival is too powerless to do us any harm, and that through his behaviour he only stands a chance of drawing blame from others to himself.

Dearest, best Herr von Czerny, we kiss and greet you and your dear parents many times with the highest esteem and reverence, and shall be very pleased soon to get a letter from you. We suppose we shall hear something of the musical world at Vienna. I have to tell you still a great deal, and my paper is already coming to an end. Give our compliments to Herren Steiner, Haslinger, Abbé Stadler, Leidesdorf,

Diabelli, Streicher, and if you would have the kindness to pay a flying visit to the Countess Vinzenz Bathiani in the Kärner Strasse, and pay our respects there, you would eternally oblige

Yours, etc., LISZT.

Adresse: Adam Liszt,
Rue du Mail, Hôtel d'Angleterre, No. 10.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER FROM ROBERT SCHUMANN.

THE following letter, addressed to Dr. J. G. Herzog, music director at the University, Erlangen, written by Schumann, in answer to a request to give his opinion about some compositions, and counsel about the future, appears to us to be of sufficient interest to bring it before our readers. We translate it from the Leipzig *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* :—

LEIPZIG, August 4th, 1841.

DEAR SIR,—Receive my thanks for your confidence, which I should like to return by frankness. But there are always difficulties in the way of a thorough understanding from a distance. Besides, I do not know what plans for the future you have formed—for this reason, I must principally keep to the purely musical, as it appears to me in your compositions.

You seem to be chiefly at home on the organ—this is a great advantage; the greatest composer in the world has written for it the greater part of his most beautiful works. On the other hand, it is precisely the organ which easily tempts to a certain easy style of composing, as everything sounds good and grand on it. At all events, do not write so many small things, and experiment in larger forms—toccatas, &c., of which Bach has given the highest examples.

But if it is not your intention to study the organ chiefly, you should try yourself in composing a piano sonata, a string quartet, and before all, write for the voice; this will most further your progress, and soonest bring your musical intellect to bloom.

Read also a great deal of music; this sharpens principally the inner ear. Do not play a piece before you have heard it in your mind. For this purpose I would chiefly recommend the 320 chorals by Bach and the "Wohltemperirte Clavier."

Never do too much at a time, but finish always what you have commenced, particularly compositions of greater pretensions, even if you should not be quite satisfied with them. These are only hints; may you not misunderstand them. You have still a fair youth before you, and at your age a great deal can be learned with little trouble. For this reason, never lose courage, and strengthen it, if it should fail, with our great German masters, like Bach, Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven.

Go therefore cheerfully to work, and send me by-and-by again some of your works. With the best wishes,

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD.

SIR,—In your leading article of last month under this heading, it is stated that "the term 'Music of the Future' has been adopted by the composers of the new German school as their watchword, while it is applied ironically, and as a sneer by their adversaries." That it has been adopted, or at least made use of by them, is indisputable, from the fact that Wagner has published a pamphlet entitled "Zukunftsmusik"; that it has frequently been applied

ironically and as a sneer by their adversaries is but too true. It is, however, equally true that both the leaders and disciples of this new school of thought disown the term, except as one of reproach. This fact, which is one with which English musicians do not seem to be generally familiar, may be verified by reference to an article by F. Brendel, which appeared in the Almanack for 1868, issued by the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musikverein*, which, founded in 1861, and including in its ranks musicians of all shades of opinion, is probably now the most numerous, as well as the most influential of all German musical societies. Herein it appears that the abolition of the obnoxious term and the adoption of "Neudeutsche Schule" (New German School) in its place was one of the earliest acts of the society. As most matters worth a thought are worth tracing to their source, I shall be glad if you, sir, or any of your correspondents, can enlighten me as to who was the originator of the expression "Music of the Future."—I am, Sir, &c., C. A. B.

[We believe that the term "Music of the Future" was first applied to the New German School, from its use by Wagner in his "Kunstwerk der Zukunft," in which he maintains that in future music should not stand on its own merits merely but be united with the sister arts.—ED. M. M. R.]

AN EXPLANATION.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD.

SIR,—I shall feel much obliged, if you will permit me to state, that the little pianoforte solo, *The Village Festival*, reviewed in your last number, is not a new work, but simply a "reprint" of one written for juvenile players, and originally published many years since. The copyright does not belong to me, and I need scarcely add that the work was sent to you without my knowledge.—I remain, truly yours, BRINLEY RICHARDS.

St. Mary Abbott's Terrace,
Kensington, October 5th, 1871.

[We have much pleasure in inserting Mr. Richards's explanation; and cannot but think that he has just cause of complaint. It was hardly fair of the publisher to send us one of his earlier pieces, leaving us to infer that it was a new composition. Had we been aware that "The Village Festival" was one of the sins of Mr. Richards's youth, we should certainly not have remembered it against him.—ED. M. M. R.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. L. M.—Had you read our article a little more carefully, you would have seen that we did not include Schumann among the "musicians of the future," but merely stated that some critics do so. As to the "striving after originality," &c., that is, of course, merely a matter of opinion. We have expressed ours freely, and others are equally entitled to their own.

Foreign Correspondence.

MUSIC IN NORTH GERMANY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LEIPZIG, October, 1871.

OUR concert season has commenced; the subscription concerts at the Gewandhaus have begun on the 5th of October, and this first concert may be called an excellent one in every respect. The beautiful suite in D major by Bach opened the concert in a most suitable and worthy manner. The performance, as regards the orchestra, was a thoroughly efficient one. Herr David, as usual, had taken the solo violin part of the second movement, and this delicate artist rendered his part in a manner above all praise. This work has been included in the programme of the Gewandhaus concerts for a good many years, and we ask ourselves with astonishment and surprise, why, outside Leipzig, it seems to be almost unknown. For years we have missed this splendid creation in the repertoires of other concert institutes which have undertaken the task of fostering classical orchestral works; and without wishing now to go into details of the beauties of the work, we cannot help here drawing attention to it, as in every

respect it counts amongst the most powerful and mightiest achievements of the sublime master. Beethoven's C minor symphony formed the finale of the concert. After Bach's suite followed an air nearly 200 years old, from the opera *Mitrate*, by Francesco Rossi, sung with much feeling and expression by Fräulein Cora Fehrmann, from Richmond in Virginia. We know no other composition by Rossi besides this alto air, brought forward about 25 years ago by Fétis, which, however, in its wonderful beauty, will in all time give a brilliant testimony to the genial talent of the long-forgotten Italian master. It is possible that other productions of Rossi have been reduced to dust through the devastating power of time; perhaps no other composition of this author could hold its own, in the changes which have come over the art during two centuries; this air now is the only one known; but will live for a long time; it is truly classical. Fräulein Fehrmann has through the rendering of this air earned no small applause, and by the performance of this number, as well as two songs by Schubert and Schumann, showed herself a well-educated singer, who possesses a contralto voice well equalised although not very powerful.

Herr Theodor Leschetitzky, from Petersburg, justified the fame as first-class pianist which had preceded him. He played the so-called Dutch concerto (Concertosymphony National Hollandais, No. 3) by H. Litolf, two very nice salon compositions of his own (Aveu and Mazurka), and the B minor Scherzo by Chopin. Herr Leschetitzky's mechanism is really miraculous; his interpretation of the different compositions rendered by him is throughout intelligent, and suited to the character of the different works. The concerto by Litolf is to-day, after an existence of scarcely thirty years, almost forgotten. Partly this may be attributed to the immense difficulties which the piano part offers, but also to the fact that notwithstanding many interesting and telling points, the real musical worth of the work is but small.

In scarcely any other art does the diversity of expression of sentiment of different generations show itself so prominently as in music. Well-constructed master-works, to which our fathers and grandfathers listened with true pleasure, can scarcely obtain from us a slight interest, and only in an art-historical point of view do we take notice of them. From the last century, only the most important works of the greatest masters, like Palestrina, Durante, Lotti, Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, touch the innermost fibres of our heart. For all music of former ages our sense is as good as dead, and yet before the above-named music-heroes other masters have lived and written for their times, but their works appear to us almost without connection with the art of our days; and we consider to-day this art-epoch, almost disappearing in the darkness of the Middle Age, as the childhood of our Western music. How differently do we stand as regards the products of art of former centuries, even the remotest in the field of poetry, sculpture, painting, and architecture!

Now if the really good in music after a comparatively short time is lost to us, and does not answer any longer to our feelings, how much more does the charm of all external beauty pale! We remember to have heard the concerto by Litolf spoken of in the year 1849 with the greatest interest. To-day it appears to us rather trivial in its humour, insufficient in its contents, and arbitrary in its construction. If any one should wish to protest against our remark above, "that the really good in music, after a comparatively short existence, does not answer any longer to our feelings," we simply refer him to the numerous productions of truly meritorious masters, such as the Passion-music by Heinrich

Schütz, the operas by Paisiello and Cimarosa, the masses by Michael Haydn, and many other works, to which a great value cannot be denied; but for which we scarcely possess any longer a real susceptibility. How much even of the compositions of the greatest masters appears to us "out of date," to use the common expression for what does not answer any more to our feelings! Partly even the means for the performance of master-works of former ages are lost to us. To-day we can already not perform any more a work by Bach, with the instrumental accompaniment as written, because our trumpets are constructed differently, and because we do not possess any more the viola d'amour, viola da gamba, and other instruments named in the score. And who will blame us if we decorate a fine old air with modern instrumentation, if even a Mozart and a Mendelssohn held it necessary to change the unadorned instrumentation of Handel's oratorios, with the means of art at the command of later times? Precisely these last-named facts appear to us a telling argument for our assertion of the very fast-changing perception of different generations towards musical works of art. In every other art, such a procedure as Mozart, Mosel, Mendelssohn, and latterly Hiller, have adopted with Handel's works, one would have to declare gross vandalism; and who would ever have dared to alter one iota of an expression of Homer or Shakespeare? Who would have thought it necessary to add modern ornaments to the cathedral at Strasburg, to the Stephen's Cathedral, or other famous old buildings? But in music, partly different construction of instruments, and the loss of those originally intended, led to the change of the instrumental dress, if we wish to perform at all master-works of former times. Numerous excellent works of art of the best masters, and of their pupils and successors, are lost to us, although our libraries contain real treasures in manuscript. Good works had to make room for equally good and partly inferior works; but this is not the result of the great number of productions in the field of music; but just because our perception of music, in an almost incredibly short time, with different generations, has become different, for this reason, a restless production at all times has rendered it a necessity to offer corresponding matter to this ever-changing perception.

[We are sorry that the serious illness of our esteemed correspondent at Vienna has prevented his sending us his usual letter this month.—ED. M. M. R.]

Reviews.

The Nine Symphonies of Beethoven. In Full Score. London: Schott & Co.

THE increasing demand among amateurs for music of the higher class, especially for orchestral scores, is one of the most hopeful signs of the present day. A few years since, any publisher who ventured to issue such a series as the one before us would have been certain to incur a loss. Yet here we have a really superb edition of Beethoven's immortal masterpieces issued at a price which we might almost call so absurdly small, that nothing but a large sale, we imagine, could possibly render it a remunerative speculation. Several complete editions, as most readers will be aware, have been previously published, but the present one will compare favourably with the best of its predecessors. Not only is it cheaper than even the most inferior French copies, but it is fully equal, both in beauty of type and in correctness, to the best German edition (that published by Breitkopf and Härtel a few years since in their complete collection of Beethoven's works); while from its size—octavo—it possesses a great advantage over the German copy, which being in folio, is not convenient as a handbook for performances. We are sure that it only needs to be known to be appreciated; and at a recent performance of one of the symphonies at the Crystal Palace,

we were pleased to see no less than seven copies of the edition among the audience in our immediate neighbourhood. Of the works themselves it is superfluous to say one word; but the commencement of the concert season affords a fitting opportunity to direct the attention of our readers to an edition which we can most heartily recommend as fully equal, if not superior, to any previously published. We should add that, though not bearing his name on the title-page, we are informed that the work is produced under the careful editorship of Dr. Chrysander.

Franz Schubert's Vocal Album. Edited by E. PAUER. London: Augener & Co.

WE have here, bound in one handy and handsome volume, the whole four books of Schubert's songs, the successive appearance of which has been duly chronicled in our pages. The collection, containing in all eighty-two songs, comprises the complete sets of the "Schöne Müllerin," the "Winterreise," and the "Schwanengesang," besides twenty-four favourite songs; thus forming, we might almost say, a Schubert library in itself. As mentioned in noticing the separate books, these songs, besides the original German words, have a particularly admirable English version from the pen of Mr. Stevens. The volume is embellished with an excellent portrait of the composer.

"*Bon Vivant*," *Mazurka for Piano*; "*Sans Façons*," *Mazurka for Piano*; "*The First Daisy*," *Valse de Salon*; *Seguidilla for Piano*; "*Minerva*," *Marche Brillante*; "*Nelson*," *brilliant Fantasia on Braham's celebrated air*. By J. ALEXANDER. London: Augener & Co.

MR. ALEXANDER's name is one that is entirely new to us, and it is therefore with a mixture of pleasure and surprise that we have played over the above little drawing-room pieces. Though we cannot say that all are of equal merit, they all show decided originality of thought, and a pleasing vein of melody such as is but too frequently wanting in pieces of this class. Our own favourite is the "Seguidilla," in which the marked rhythm of the Spanish dance is turned to good account. The passage-writing shows a thorough knowledge of the instrument, and is both graceful and brilliant, without ever being so difficult as to be unattainable by ordinary players. The two mazurkas may also be commended for their avoidance of the commonplace, in a form in which novelty of invention is even more difficult than usual. The same praise may be bestowed upon the march, which, while slightly more difficult than some of the other pieces, is very effective, and far superior to many marches that it has been our misfortune to meet with. The valse and the fantasia on Braham's song are perhaps hardly equal to the other pieces; but there is not one of the series which cannot be honestly recommended for teaching purposes, or for playing in the alas! too numerous musical circles where classical music would not be appreciated.

Overtures, transcribed for the Piano, for Two and Four Hands. By E. PAUER. London: Augener & Co.

IN an early number of the RECORD we noticed the commencement of this interesting and valuable series of transcriptions. It is only necessary therefore to record its continuation. Among the numbers recently published are some of Mendelssohn's overtures. That to the *Meeresstille* has always struck us as being more dependent than most on the orchestral effects; but Herr Pauer has done all that is possible for it in his adaptation. The "Military Overture," on the other hand, "comes out" (to use a common phrase) capably both in the solo and duet forms. Weber's *Jubilee* overture is another excellent transcription; while among less commonly known works we find Cherubini's overture to *Les Deux Journées*, and Gluck's to *Iphigénie in Aulis*. There are many neglected and almost forgotten pieces, which would well deserve reviving; and we hope that the editor will, before the series is completed, rescue some of them from an unmerited oblivion.

Huit Morceaux de Salon, pour Violon ou Violoncelle, avec Accompagnement de Piano, par BERTHOLD TOURS (London: W. Czerny), are not, with one exception, original compositions by Mr. Tours, but short and simple pieces of various writers, arranged by the editor for the two instruments. The composers are Messrs. J. B. Wekerlin (three numbers), Oscar Beringer (two), and H. Scholtz, B. Tours, and D. Brocca (one each). They are without exception excellent, and being moreover very easy for both instruments, are, we believe, sure to be popular wherever they are known.

"The dear old Home," *Ballad*; "Dew when Night has passed away," *Song*, by G. A. MACFARREN (London: W. Morley), like all compositions from the pen of this talented musician, are thoroughly well written. The song is the more original, and we think the better, though probably the less popular of the two.

"To the Cross," *Sacred Song*; melody by R. SCHUMANN, arranged by W. F. TAYLOR (London: W. Morley), is, we are sorry to say, one of the grossest outrages on musical good taste which have ever come under our notice. The "melody" consists of the opening bars of the fourth of the composer's "Nachtstücke," which is not even given in its original form—the harmony being in some places changed—and which is further vulgarised by the addition of a common-place, not to say stupid, symphony at the end. Such tampering with the works of the great composers cannot be too severely condemned, and we write, because we feel, strongly on the subject.

Among recently published drawing-room pieces, which may be safely recommended as answering the purpose for which they are designed, and yet which, from their very nature, do not require detailed notice, are EDOUARD DORN'S "Ye banks and braes," "Marche héroïque," and "Little Nell" (London: Augener & Co.), the last of which (the name, we presume, having been suggested by Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop") is a particularly graceful and pleasing romance. In the same category, and published by the same house, are Mr. G. J. VAN EYKEN'S new fantasias on Flotow's *Martha* and on three German Volkslieder. Of the latter, two are by Mendelssohn; and the arrangements are all distinguished by the usual fluency and elegance which characterise Mr. Van Eyken's productions. Mr. BOYTON SMITH'S four-handed Fantasias on *Martha*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *Don Giovanni* (Augener & Co.) will be likely, we think, to equal in popularity the well-known solo fantasias by the same writer.

"At Midnight," *Song*; "Throned in the Stars," *Barcarole*, by FRANCESCO BERGER (London: Ollivier & Co.), like some other songs by the same composer, recently reviewed in these columns, are commendably unlike the average run of such music. We have here no namby-pamby ballads of the Claribel school, but works bearing traces on every page of cultivation and thought. The song "At Midnight" is mostly of a very tranquil character, which is happily relieved by a well-devised episode *animato*. The Barcarole is more lively, and perhaps even more likely to be popular, than the other song; but both are excellent examples of a kind of piece which always is, and probably always will be, in demand. We are glad to be able to honestly recommend both.

"Serenade," a *Contralto Song*, by FRANCESCO BERGER (London: Metzler & Co.), though certainly interesting both in its subjects and treatment, is, we must confess, less to our taste than the two songs by the same composer just noticed. There are some sequences of perfect fifths on the third page, which, though evidently introduced designedly, and with dramatic intention, have to our ear an unpleasant effect. Still, this is more a flaw to the eye than to the ear; and, though not easy to sing well, the song, if adequately rendered, would be likely to please.

Chappell's *Organ Journal*, Nos. 9, 10 (London: Chappell & Co.), contains two of Handel's songs excellently arranged for the organ by Mr. J. H. Deane. The first of these is the air "Non vi piacque" from *Siroe*, better known under its English name of "He was eyes unto the blind," in which shape Dr. Arnold introduced it into his pasticcio-oratorio of the *Redemption*; and the second is the well-known "Oh thou that tellest" from the *Messiah*, with Mozart's additional accompaniments. Both arrangements are thoroughly well done, without being overdone, and organists will find them very useful as voluntaries.

"Fairlie Glen," *Andante Pastorale for the Piano*, by CHARLES GARDNER (London: Lamborn Cock, Addison, & Co.), begins with a graceful subject in E major, to which the counter-subject in A flat, though introduced by a somewhat abrupt modulation for a piece of this character, is in good contrast. The fingering is carefully marked where needful.

Deux Morceaux Caractéristiques for the Pianoforte, by CHARLES GARDNER (Lamborn Cock, Addison, & Co.)—why will composers persist in mixing French and English on their title-pages?—are two little pieces which, in spite of their name, we fear we must pronounce somewhat deficient in distinct character. The first is rather vague; the second, which is better, would have been more appropriately called "Study for the Shake;" for which purpose we suppose, from the foot-note at the end, that its author intended it.

"Violet," "The Serenade," by OTTO SONDERMANN (London: W. Czerny), are two simple little songs in the modern German style.

"The Round of Life," *Song*, by EDMUND T. WEDMORE (Bristol: W. Brunt & Sons), contains one excellent bar—the second on page 2—which, by the way, may also be found in No. 3 of the second book of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte."

"Sunshine and Shade," *Song*, by J. ALSOP (Newton Abbot: J. Chapple), is not bad, neither do we consider it particularly good.

"Baby, sleep; may beautiful Angels," Lullaby, Part-Song for Four Voices, by WILLIAM F. DYER (Bristol: Dimoline), is a flowing and neatly written piece, harmonised somewhat after Spohr's manner. In spite of a certain indecision in the rhythm in some places, we think it deserves and is likely to attain popularity.

Sanctus and Responses, by a COUNTRY CURATE (London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.), make us feel thankful that they are published anonymously; because we should otherwise have seemed personal in expressing our hope that the "Country Curate's" sermons are not as dry as his music.

Boat-Song for Piano, by W. CHAS. LEVEY (London: W. Morley), is very quaint and original, and we may add, thoroughly pleasing. It is by no means difficult to play.

Evening Prayer (Abendgebet) for the Pianoforte, by CARL REINECKE (London: Augener & Co.), though a mere trifle of only two pages, shows the hand of the musician throughout. In form it resembles some of Schumann's shorter pieces; but in saying this, we do not intend to imply that there is any plagiarism. The piece is in its composer's best manner—in a word, it is a little gem.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Asher, Maria. "L'Étoile du Mer," Morceau for the Pianoforte. (London: Weippert & Co.)

Borst, A. W. "A Night in the Woods," for Pianoforte. (Liverpool: Hime and Sons.)

Gilbert, Bennett. Student's Vocal Exercises for Daily Use. (London: W. Czerny.)

Gilbert, Bennett. "A Smile for every Tear," Romance for Tenor voice, with accompaniments for Piano, Violin, and Harmonium. (London: Schott & Co.)

Gladstone, F. E. "Happy Thoughts," Two short pieces for Pianoforte. (London: Augener & Co.)

Hopkins, E. J. Andante Grazioso, composed for the opening of the Great Organ in the Royal Albert Hall. (London: Metzler & Co.)

Mandel, C. A System of Music in five parts. (London: Boosey & Co.)

Mitchell, W. H. "The happy Past," Ballad. (London: J. Williams.)

Nicholson, A. W. "At the Spring," Song. (London: J. Williams.)

Tilleard, J. Te Deum, Choral Hymns, &c. (London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.)

Westbury, G. H. Te Deum in A. (London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.)

Wright, J. T. "Happy Subjects," National Song. (Glasgow: Paterson, Sons, & Co.)

Concerts, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

THESE most enjoyable, as well as most instructive performances, were resumed for the present season on the 30th of September, under the direction of Mr. Manns. Following the plan pursued last year with respect to Beethoven, the managers are giving during the first twelve concerts of the series now in progress the most important instrumental, as well as several vocal, works of Mendelssohn. The chronological order is to be maintained as far as possible, hearers being thus enabled to trace the gradual development and ripening of the composer's talent.

The programme of the first concert commenced with an interesting selection from Mendelssohn's early opera *The Wedding of Camacho*, which he composed at the age of sixteen. As the work of a mere boy, the opera (to judge from the portion performed on this occasion) is only less wonderful than his octet, or the overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The pieces given were the brilliant overture, a selection of the Ballet Airs, a duet, and two songs. The instrumental pieces had been previously played at Sydenham, the vocal music (if we mistake not) was performed for

the first time. The Ballet Airs are the most original, imaginative, and characteristic numbers of this selection. A bolero and a fandango are especially charming; the national colouring has been most happily caught, and the scoring is highly ingenious and piquant. The duet and the songs, excellently sung by M^{me}. Rudersdorff and Mr. Vernon Rigby, are less original and striking, containing occasional reminiscences—the duet especially—of Haydn's and Mozart's style. Still, the whole selection was of more than merely historical interest, and our hearty thanks are due to the enterprising directors of these concerts for producing it. The remaining items of the performance were Mendelssohn's First Symphony, in C minor, which was admirably played, but in which we think the minuetto was taken very much too fast—the stately old dance being transformed into a scherzo; and two of the same composer's pianoforte works, the first the capriccio in F sharp minor, Op. 5, for piano alone (not by any means one of its author's best works), and the second the Capriccio brillant with orchestra in B minor, which, on the contrary, is one of the composer's most masterly creations. The pianist was Miss Kate Roberts, who in both her efforts displayed not merely finished execution, but good taste. In the very difficult unaccompanied piece she was more especially successful. Two more songs and the overture to the *Freischütz* completed the programme.

The concert of the following Saturday, October 7th, brought forward Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony—the second in the order of composition, dating from 1830, though the fifth in the order of publication. While containing many beauties (especially the lovely *allegretto* in B flat), it cannot be considered equal in merit to either the symphony in A minor or that in A major; and we are hardly surprised that Mendelssohn, the most fastidious of self-critics, should have kept it back as unworthy of publication. In saying this, we by no means blame those who, since his death, have thought otherwise; for everything from his pen has an interest of its own, and is heard with pleasure; and his fame is so well established that it cannot be injured by the production of any of his less matured works. The same composer's Rondo brillant in E flat, for piano and orchestra, and the three Fantasias, Op. 16, for piano solo (the so-called "Welch" Fantasias), were admirably played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann. The overtures were the well-known *Midsummer Night's Dream*, a more finished rendering of which it has never been our good fortune to hear, and Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's imaginative fantasia-overture to *Paradise and the Peri*. The vocalists were M^{me}. Cora de Wilhorst and Signor Verger.

At the third concert of the season, October 14th, the special feature of interest was the performance of Mendelssohn's overture to the *Hebrides* in two forms—first as originally composed, under the title of "Die einsame Insel," and, secondly, in the shape in which it is familiar to all concert-goers. The manuscript score of the earlier version was purchased at the sale of the library of the late Otto Jahn, and the comparison of the two versions of the work is not less interesting and instructive than that of the second and third *Leonora* overtures of Beethoven. Space forbids us to enter into details with respect to the alterations which Mendelssohn made in rewriting the work about a year after its first composition in 1830; nor, indeed, would such details be intelligible without quotations in type. We must content ourselves with saying that in the later version there is more freedom of imagination, and less of purely scientific writing. Many details are also changed—in every case for the better. The performances of both pieces were very good, as might be expected from such an orchestra as that of the Crystal Palace; though we doubt the wisdom of putting them at the end of a long programme. The concert commenced with the late Cipriani Potter's overture to *Cymbeline*—a work displaying much talent in construction and skill in instrumentation—which was appropriately introduced as a tribute to the memory of the worthy musician. Beethoven's First Symphony in C is so well known that the mere record of its performance will suffice. Herr Pauer, whose finished and artistic piano-playing is always heard with pleasure, gave an excellent rendering of Mendelssohn's Serenade and Allegro gioioso, Op. 43, and also contributed two solos by the same composer—the presto (No. 7) from the Characteristic Pieces, Op. 7, and the sixth of the Preludes and Fugues, Op. 35. The vocalists were Miss Daimaine, M^{me}. Demeric Lablache, and Mr. Vernon Rigby.

The only fault that can possibly be found with the programme of the fourth concert, October 21st, is its length; for a more interesting selection of music could scarcely have been presented. The *pièce de résistance* of the afternoon was the *First Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn, the performance of which was not only satisfactory, but really excellent. Never in our hearing has the Crystal Palace choir sung with such precision, delicacy, and spirit; and it is the more gratifying to record this, as the choral performances at these concerts have frequently been by no means worthy of the instrumental. The cantata itself we have always considered one of s

composer's most thoroughly representative and highly-finished works. The whole of the orchestral accompaniments, as well as the glorious prelude depicting bad weather in the Hartz Mountains, and the passage from winter to spring, were played with the utmost refinement, while the solo parts were efficiently rendered by M^{lle}. Drasdil, and Messrs. Byron and Whitney. Haydn's seldom-heard symphony in B flat (No. 4 of the "Salomon" set) was a genuine treat, and created real enthusiasm. Though some of the passages have lost in freshness by frequent imitation during eighty years, it must at the date of its first production have seemed a perfect marvel of novelty and originality. A word of praise is due to Mr. T. Watson for his excellent playing of the violin solo in the finale. Schubert's variations from his great quartett in D minor were played by all the strings of the orchestra. Though in general we disapprove of the performance of a work in a way not intended by the composer, we are bound to say that on this occasion the experiment was justified by the result. The concert began with Mendelssohn's overture to the *Meeresstille*, and finished with Schumann's to *Genouvva*, and the rest of the programme was filled up with vocal music, of which must be specially mentioned M^{me}. Rudersdorff's fine and dramatic delivery of Randegger's concert-scena "Medea"—the composer conducting his own work.

ENGLISH OPERA.

THE experiment of giving performances of English operas has so frequently been tried, and so frequently failed, that it is almost a surprise to find any one bold enough to repeat the venture. Nevertheless, this has been attempted during the past month with a company comprising several of the artistes who sang at the Crystal Palace Operas during the past season. We cannot spare room for more than a very brief chronicle of the new undertaking.

The season commenced at St. James's Theatre with a performance of Balfe's *Rose of Castile*. The principal characters were sustained by Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Palmer, Mr. Perren, and Mr. Temple. To this succeeded the same composer's *Bohemian Girl*, in which Miss Hersee as Arline was particularly successful. Mr. Nordblom, though suffering from indisposition, acquitted himself well in the principal tenor part, and Miss Palmer (who is not only well known as a good singer, but also an excellent actress) and Messrs. Temple, Staunton, and Maybrick completed the cast.

On Wednesday, October 4th, *Lucia di Lammermoor* was performed (of course in English), when M^{me}. Lancia took the part of the heroine, and Mr. Nordblom that of Edgar.

Lucia was followed by Wallace's *Maritana*, in which Miss Hersee was again very successful; the opera being afterwards repeated with M^{me}. Lancia in the principal part. The repertoire has also included the *Sonnambula*, *Trovatore*, and *Martha*. On the 23rd ult., the company migrated to the Standard Theatre. We must not omit to add that the post of copductor has been very ably filled by Mr. Sidney Naylor, and that the small but efficient orchestra is led by Mr. Burnett.

MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS, Brixton.

THESE interesting concerts, which are most valuable for training the public taste for the appreciation of good music, were resumed for the present season on the 26th ult. The pressure upon our space will admit of no more than a mere record of the works performed. The concert opened with Haydn's genial Trio in G major, No. 1, with the well-known and popular "Gipsy Rondo" for a finale, capably played by Messrs. Ridley Prentice, Weist Hill, and Perze. The programme also included E. Prout's Pianoforte Quartet in C major, a work which has been several times performed in London, and which was very well received, Beethoven's so-called "Sonata Pastorale," and solos for the piano by Scarlatti, played by the concert-giver, Mr. Ridley Prentice, a violin solo by Spohr, violoncello solos by Schumann, and vocal pieces contributed by Madame Dowland. The whole concert was worthy of even more than the amount of support that it received.

Musical Notes.

M. RIVIERE's series of Promenade Concerts, which were briefly mentioned in our last number, have been continued and brought to a close during the past month.

WE regret to have to record the death of Mr. Cipriani Potter on the 26th of September last, at the age of seventy-nine. For many years he was Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and his name will long be remembered as one of the most eminent English

musicians of the present century. His compositions invariably show true artistic feeling and knowledge, and his influence as a teacher on the younger generation of pianists can hardly be over-estimated.

MR. BARNBY has issued his prospectus for the coming series of Oratorio Concerts. They will be held this season in Exeter Hall. Among the works announced for performance are Bach's *Passion according to Matthew* and Handel's *Jephtha*, besides what we may call the stock-pieces of oratorio performances. We are sorry to see no announcements either of new works or revivals. Surely Mr. Barnby does not intend to rest on his laurels!

We have received a prospectus of the "College of Musicians"—an enterprise which, if its promises be fulfilled, deserves cordial support. One chief object of the institution is "to give publicity to and performance of works of merit by living English composers." Classes are established for the practice of choral and orchestral music, as well as for the study of harmony and composition.

At the recent meeting of the Social Science Congress at Leeds, Dr. Spark, the talented organist of the Town Hall, read an excellent paper on "Vocal music a necessary branch of education." Had our space allowed, we should have gladly given our readers an abstract of it, but as it is printed, we must content ourselves with referring them to it.

MR. JOHN SPENCER CURWEN, the son of the Rev. John Curwen, has lately published a very interesting pamphlet entitled, "The Story of Tonic Sol-Fa," which gives a clear and well-written account of the origin and progress of one of the most important musical movements that has of late years taken place in this country. It is well worthy of the attention of our readers.

MR. A. J. SUTTON, of Birmingham, is engaged upon the composition of an oratorio entitled *Ruth*. The subject seems to have special attraction for composers, having been recently selected for musical treatment by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt and Mr. George Tolhurst—the setting of the latter being one of the most strikingly original works of the present day!

The *Singakademie*, of Berlin, announced for performance during the coming season, Bach's High Mass in B minor, Handel's *Athalie*, and Spohr's *Calvary*. When will any one of these three works be heard in London?

ORGAN APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. Martin Schneider to St. John's Church, Bootle, Liverpool. Mr. W. T. Freemantle to St. Andrew's Church, Sharrow.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications respecting Contributions should be addressed to the Editor, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, as a guarantee of good faith.

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